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THE MISSOURI TAVERN

BY

WALTER B. STEVENS

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THE MISSOURI TAVERN.

By Walter B. Stevens.

In the Missouri tavern the pioneer settler and the wandering stranger were first welcomed to our soil. In this early wayside inn business was transacted, religion preached, duels decided, politics discussed and frequently settled, towns founded, courts convened, and hospitality dispensed. It served as home and mart, court and forum. An institution which flourished in Missouri a century past, its romance is still preserved in story and legend. The Missouri tavern is almost extinct. Conditions produced it that will never return. It was the product of a pioneer community, peopled by an honest, fearless, hospitable folk. Ratiocination was stranger to its walls, but common sense, wit and logic there found place. The author of "The Missouri Tavern" has drawn aside the curtain of history and permitted us to share bread and board with our forefathers who made possible our heritage and who founded a "free and independent republic, by the name of 'The State of Missouri.'"

The Editor.

It is told of the wife of the first Missouri editor that no one in need of food or shelter was turned away from her door. Mrs. Sarah Charless lived to be eighty-one years of age. Her home was in Missouri more than half a century. St. Louis was notably lacking in taverns when Joseph Charless came to start the first newspaper west of the Mississippi. Strangers, whose credentials or appearances justified, were made welcome at private houses not only in St. Louis but in the homes of Missouri pioneers generally. Thus, a hundred years ago, was begotten that spirit of hospitality which became a marked characteristic of the Missourian and which gave the Missouri tavern distinction. The trait was a natural evolution of two influential elements in the pioneer population—the French who were the first families of Missouri, and the Virginians and Kentuckians who came in great numbers with the dawn of statehood.

To accommodate newcomers Mr. and Mrs. Charless opened their house, which was a large one on Fifth and Market

streets. A sign swung from a post; it bore the announcement "Entertainment by Joseph Charless." With the house was a large garden, one of the finest in St. Louis, occupying half of the block bounded by Fifth, Market, Fourth and Walnut streets. Therein fruit and vegetables were grown for a table which became famous. In a card, Mr. Charless told through the *Missouri Gazette* that at his house strangers "will find every accommodation but whiskey." Mrs. Charless was one of seven women who, with two men, organized the first Presbyterian church in Missouri.

Twelve years Joseph Charless edited and published that first Missouri newspaper. At the top of the title page of the *Missouri Gazette*, he printed in black type his slogan:— "Truth without Fear." And he lived up to it, defying Benton carrying a big stick and dodging bullets. Then he retired from journalism and devoted himself to the tavern with this announcement.

JOSEPH CHARLESS

informs the gentlemen who visit St. Louis, and travelers generally; that he has opened a house for their reception at the corner of Fifth street on the public square of St. Louis, where, by the moderate charges and attention to the comfort of his guests, he will endeavor to merit general approbation.

Board and lodging per week	$4.50
Boarding only	3.50
Do, less than a week, per meal	.25
Lodging per night in separate bed	.25
Where two occupy one bed	.12½

The state paper of Missouri and Illinois will be taken at a fair discount.

The Missouri tavern was of its own class. Identified with the vocation of tavernkeeping in Missouri's pioneer days are the names of some of the best known and most highly esteemed families in the state's history. Taverns were established for "accommodation" in the true sense of the word. Immigration came in successive high tides. In not a few cases, homes were opened as a matter of private "accommodation" which led to public "entertainment,"—as in the

case of the Charless family. About the wide fireplace the host and his family visited with the travelers. They listened to the latest news from the outside world and they gave the desired information about local conditions and advantages for settlement. Court sessions were held in the taverns. Counties and towns were organized and political caucuses were held in Missouri taverns. In brief, the Missouri tavern was the center of public life during those pioneer decades. In no other state does it appear from somewhat cursory investigation that the tavern filled such an important part in early history.

THE MISSOURI HOTEL.

In a tavern, Missouri, the state, was born. The first legislature met in that hotel. The first governor, McNair, and the first lieutenant-governor, Ashley, were inaugurated there. The first United States senators, Barton and Benton, were elected there.

In accordance with the fitness of things that tavern was called the Missouri. Begun in 1817 and finished two years later, the Missouri hotel was ready just in time for its place in the history of the state's making. Major Biddle became the owner. He went east and obtained the best landlord he could find and induce to come west. The Missouri was opened with equipment and appointments which made it for more than a generation the pride of the Mississippi Valley.

The Missouri hotel was the scene of banquets and balls. There his admiring fellow citizens entertained Barton with a grand dinner when he came back from Washington after a speech which made him the great Missourian of that day. Benton was second fiddle. St. Patrick's days were celebrated at the Missouri, for newcomers from Ireland were among the foremost and most enterprising business men of St. Louis in that generation. Expeditions were planned at the Missouri. Principals and seconds met there to arrange meetings on Bloody Island. General William Henry Harrison, afterwards president, General Zachary Taylor, afterwards presi-

dent, and General Winfield Scott, who wanted to be but was not president, were entertained at the Missouri hotel.

The oddest tavern in Missouri was not built with hands. It was a cave, forty feet wide and twenty feet high, in St. Charles county. Boatmen steered their pirogues and longhorns to the bank and took shelter in that cave from the driving storms on the Missouri. They called it "The Tavern."

On the walls, in those days, were to be seen the rudely carved names of many who had found refuge there and who had registered. Drawings and carvings of birds and beasts, said to have been done by the Indians, were the mural decorations of this nature tavern. A stream of considerable size empties into the Missouri near this cave and at the present day is known as Tavern creek.

VAN BIBBER'S TAVERN.

To Van Bibber's tavern at Loutre Lick came Colonel David Craig when he immigrated to Missouri in 1817. He brought with him two suits of black clothes. On Sunday morning, not long after his arrival, he put on the good clothes, after the Virginia custom of Sabbath observance, and went in to breakfast. The women folks crowded around and with much feminine curiosity examined the store clothes. One of the girls touched the clothes and exclaimed admiringly. "Oh! Ain't he nice!" The tavernkeeper, who either didn't favor so much style or wished to check further enthusiasm by his family, said, "Nice! He looks like a blacksnake that has just shed its skin."

Van Bibber was somewhat of a philosopher. He believed in transmigration of souls, and carried out his theory in detail. Every 6,000 years was a complete cycle, according to his theory, and at the end of a cycle everything started over again. A party of Kentuckians stopped with Van Bibber one night, and as usual the tavernkeeper expounded his philosophy of transmigration. The Kentuckians listened with apparent interest and asked many questions. The discussion went on until bedtime. Van Bibber told his wife he believed he had

converted the Kentuckians. In the morning the spokesman of the party said to the landlord:

"We were much impressed with your argument last night. Believing there may be some truth in your doctrine, and being short of cash, we have decided to wait until we come around again at the end of 6,000 years and settle our bill."

"No," said Van Bibber, "You are the same blamed rascals who were here 6,000 years ago and went away without paying your bills, and now you have to pay before you leave."

When Long's expedition was on the way up the Missouri one hundred years ago to discover and map "The Great American Desert" as it appeared in the geographies for two generations, a stop was made at Van Bibber's. As usual the tavernkeeper had something to discuss. This time his information was in the realm of science. He told of startling occurrences in the vicinity of Loutre Lick. At the end of winter, or in unusually rainy seasons, according to Van Bibber, lights or balls of fire were seen apparently coming out of the ground. At other times large volumes of smoke arose from the soil. A son of Daniel Boone was one of the witnesses of these phenomena. Van Bibber told Long that two preachers riding late at night, about nine miles from Loutre Lick, saw a ball of fire at the end of a whip. In a short time another ball of fire appeared at the other end of the whip. Almost immediately the preachers, their horses and the objects around them seemed to be enveloped with "wreaths of flames." The preachers were so overcome with the spectacle that they couldn't tell more than this, Van Bibber said. The scientists with Long concluded that "combustion of a coal bed or decomposition of a mass of pyrites" must be the explanation of these strange things. They dismissed Van Bibber's stories of these strange happenings with so little interest that the tavernkeeper was disgusted.

Van Bibber married a granddaughter of Daniel Boone. He had two sprightly daughters, Fanny and Matilda. His first tavern was of logs and as business developed Van Bibber added other cabins. Loutre Lick became the first Missouri spa. The earliest settlers went there for bodily ailments

which were relieved by the waters. Later Loutre Lick became a widely known health resort. Benton visited there and told in Washington of the beneficial results. He advertised Loutre Lick so enthusiastically that Henry Clay referred in a speech to the Missouri senator's "Bethesda." Washington Irving, with his traveling companions, the Swiss count, M. de Portales, and the Englishman, Latrobe, stopped at Loutre Lick. He was so pleased with the surroundings that he told Van Bibber "When I get rich I am coming here to buy this place and build a nice residence here." But Irving spent so much time abroad that he never carried out his impulse to become a Missourian.

Van Bibber prospered to the degree which called for better than log cabins. A carpenter, Cyranus Cox, and a blacksmith, MacFarland, stopped at Van Bibber's one day. The tavernkeeper persuaded them to stay and build him something more pretentious than the cabins. Cox was charmed with Fannie Van Bibber. When the time approached for the wedding, carpenter and the girl decided that his clothes were too badly worn for the ceremony. Cox walked to St. Louis and bought a wedding suit. Matilda Van Bibber married James Estill, a pioneer Missouri merchant. As late as 1912, a great gathering of people, estimated at 2,000, assembled at Mineola, the modern name for Loutre Lick, and, under the auspices of the Old Trails association, discussed the possibility of preserving the Van Bibber tavern. To feed the multitude, forty sheep, one hundred chickens and several beeves were barbecued. Mrs. Mary Sharp, born in the tavern, was the guest of honor. Champ Clark told of the Missouri politics which had been associated with Van Bibber's tavern.

MANN'S TAVERN.

Mann's Tavern, in Bowling Green, was the scene of an historic incident which merits place in the history of Missouri duels. Judge Thomas J. C. Fagg told the story in his reminiscences which were published by the *Pike County News* twenty years ago.

"Sometime in the twenties, possibly after 1825, two squads of travelers dismounted in front of the hotel. There being no other house of entertainment in the town, they were necessarily compelled to stop at the same place. They came from the same direction, all on horseback. The mystery deepened as the strangers hovered over the big log fire that blazed on the spacious hearth. It was a rainy, chilly day in November, and the two parties had evidently had a long ride from the west. Two separate groups of three gentlemen, what could it mean? The first three to enter the house finally approached the bar and called for something to drink. Then, in turn, the other three did the same thing. This was repeated before supper. The hot coffee and broiled venison, added to the whiskey, had a wonderfully softening influence upon the crowd.

"As they returned to the barroom, one of the party felt called upon to make a brief speech. In substance he said they were about to relapse into a state of barbarism. No true gentleman ever drank by himself when there was another man standing by, who could enjoy the exhilarating draught with him. No two parties, no matter how bitter their feelings might be to each other, could afford to go up to the bar in separate squads and gulp down their liquor in silence and without an invitation to all to join. 'Boys, I move we all drink together.' The entire crowd responded by going up to the bar in a body. As they stood with glasses in hand, the same speaker said, 'Gentlemen, I have another proposition to make. Let us forgive and forget all past differences and drink to the good health and perpetual friendship of each other.' They touched their glasses and drank most heartily to the sentiment. As they set their glasses upon the counter, they grasped each others' hands with a pledge of undying friendship.

"The mystery came out at last. A bitter personal quarrel was amicably adjusted as they took the last drink. The two parties had traveled from Fayette and Boonville in order to cross the river at this point to fight a duel on Sny island the next day. The party consisted of the two principals, each with his second and surgeon. Their object was to fight in Illinois so as to avoid the penalties imposed by the laws of this state against dueling. Instead of crossing the river in the morning to meet in deadly combat, the two principals, with their seconds and surgeons, journeyed back to their homes together, delighted with the outcome of the expedition. The parties consisted of Peyton R. Hayden, of Boonville, and Charles French of Lexington, the two principals; and Abiel Leonard and Hamilton Gamble, the seconds. My impression is that neither Hayden nor French ever sought

political honors, but both were eminent lawyers and highly gifted. It is barely possible that I may be mistaken as to Hayden being one of the principals, but as to the rest of the story there is no doubt. I give it substantially as Judge Leonard told it to me. The conclusion of his narrative was that 'it was the only instance in all his life that he had known any good to result from a drunken frolic.'"

A power to be reckoned with along the Missouri-Kansas border in the fifties was Uncle John who kept the Mimms hotel in Kansas City. Red Legs and Border Ruffians, Jayhawkers and slave drivers, stopped with Uncle John. They were entertained impartially, and, strange to tell, the peace was preserved among these warring elements so long as they remained his guests at the Mimms hotel. Uncle John was an ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist church. He was from Kentucky, a fearless man, a character of that peculiar reserved force which made other men feel peaceful in his presence.

THE MISSOURI AND THE FIRST LEGISLATURE.

In the First General Assembly of Missouri there was a man who called himself "Ringtail Painter." His name was Palmer and his cabin home was in the Grand River valley. While the first Legislature was holding its sessions in the hotel, Palmer insisted on occupying the same bed with Governor McNair for one night so that, as he said, he could go back and tell his friends of Fishing river that he had "slept with the Governor of Missouri."

This first meeting of the Legislature in the hotel was enlivened by one of the most unparliamentary scenes in the legislative history of Missouri. During a sitting of the senate, Duff Green and Andrew McGirk became involved in a hot argument. McGirk threw a pewter inkstand at Green. The two men started a fist fight. Governor McNair came forward to interfere. He caught hold of Green and was pulling him away when Palmer grabbed the governor and shouted: "Stand back governor; you are no more in a fight than any other man. I know that much law. I am at home in this business. Give it to him, Duff. Give it to him."

Thomas H. Benton owed his first election to the Senate to tavern environment. His friends had been able to muster only a tie vote against the opposition. And one of Benton's votes was that of Daniel Ralls who lay in the last stages of fatal illness. Benton's friends won over one vote from the opposition, giving the necessary majority if the dying man could be kept alive and brought in when the Legislature met on Monday. The fact that the Legislature was meeting in the hotel and that the dying man was in a room upstairs made the plans of Benton's friends practicable though desperate. The sick man was carried down stairs by four stout negro servants and voted for Benton. He died shortly after being taken back to his room.

In 1835 the Missouri was still famous. Isaac Walker obtained possession of it and installed a tavern keeper in whom he had confidence. The result was so disappointing that Walker said publicly this man "was not fit to keep tavern; that his butter was so strong he could hang his hat on it." The tavernkeeper sued Walker for slander and employed Uriel Wright, the foremost orator at the Missouri bar in those days, to push the case. The old Missouri hotel stood until 1873 and then gave way to a business structure.

When St. Charles became the temporary capital of the new State of Missouri, the tavernkeepers made good their reputation for square dealing by furnishing the members of the General Assembly board at $2 50 a week. At that time pork was a cent and a half a pound; venison hams, twenty-five cents each; eggs, five cents a dozen; honey, five cents a gallon; but coffee cost a dollar a pound.

Men who became prominent in affairs of the state and successful in business undertakings were numbered among the tavernkeepers. James H. Audrain, whose family name is borne by one of the Central Missouri counties, advertised in July, 1818, that he "had opened a house of entertainment fourteen miles west of St. Charles, at Peruque, on the road from Boone's Lick to Salt River, where he hopes from his unremitted attention to make travelers comfortable and to share a portion of the public patronage."

In the *Gazette* of November 15, 1817, appeared this "Notice" over the name of Benjamin Emmons:

"The subscriber gives information that he keeps public entertainment at the village of St. Charles, in the house lately occupied for that purpose by N. Simonds, Esq., where the hungry and thirsty can be accommodated and the weary find rest."

The popularity which Mr. Emmons achieved was well shown later in 1820, when his fellow citizens elected him a member of the convention which framed the first constitution of the State of Missouri. The selection of Mr. Emmons was the more notable in that he was the only delegate elected who favored some degree of restriction on slavery in the new state. Mr. Emmons had been president of the last territorial legislative council. Later, after the organization of the state government, he was a member of the state senate, and notable for his independence of opinion. Descendants of this Benjamin Emmons have been in every one of the wars in which the United States has been engaged. Two of them, Charles Shepard Emmons and Wallis K. Emmons, were in the World war, serving in France.

Duden, whose marvelous letters set Germany afire for migration to Missouri, told that on the south bank of the Missouri, opposite St. Charles "there lives a jolly Frenchman who manages the ferry, is postmaster and an innkeeper. His name is Chauvin; he was born in Canada. He told me that Prince Wuertemberg had spent the night with him some time ago."

Duden was mistaken about the nativity of this tavern-keeper. Lafreniere J. Chauvin was a native of St. Louis. He bore the name of the leader of the first revolution for freedom on American soil, the revolt against Spanish domination at New Orleans. The Chauvins came from France to New Orleans and thence to Ste. Genevieve and later were among the first families of St. Louis. Lafreniere J. Chauvin was of the second or third generation. He was born in St. Louis in 1794. A daughter of this Chauvin was the wife of one of the Emmons family of St. Charles.

Charles Joseph Latrobe, an Englishman who accompanied Washington Irving in his travels through Missouri and who wrote the "Rambler in North America," told of the party stopping at the tavern opposite St. Charles, "where we found shelter for the night in a little French inn, which, with its odd, diminutive bowling green, skittle ground, garden plots, and arbors, reminded us more of the Old World than anything we had seen for many weeks."

Judge Quarles, an uncle of Mark Twain, kept tavern in Paris. A guest came to the landlord with the request for a clean towel in the common washroom. "Sir," said the judge, with some show of reproof, "two hundred men have wiped on that towel and you are the first to complain."

On the stage route from the Mississippi to the Missouri river, passing through Florida, was one of the historic taverns of Northeast Missouri. It was kept by William Nelson Penn, a Kentuckian by birth, who became a man of no small consequence in that part of the state. Mrs. Penn was one of those good Missouri women whose motherly instincts went far beyond her own household. The Penns were extensive landowners. They rented some acres to a family less well to do. When an interesting event occurred in the renter's family, Mrs. Penn gave the baby clothes which had been her little daughter's and thus, when he came into the world, Mark Twain found a wardrobe awaiting him. Mr. Penn not only kept tavern, but was a merchant. He served in the Legislature, and later was, for eighteen years, one of the officers of Monroe County.

An impressive structure for its generation was the Buchanan tavern in Florida. It was of brick and equipped on a scale of cost which befitted a community with strong hopes of being the county seat of one of the rich counties of Missouri. The time came when Florida and Paris engaged in a county seat contest, one of the most exciting in the history of the state. A compromise settlement was offered. It was proposed to make two counties out of Monroe with Paris and Florida as county seats. One of the Florida boomers was John Marshall Clemens, father of Mark Twain. The compromise was defeated. Major Howell and Dr. Flannigan

were members of the Legislature and both favorable to Paris. They got through the act cutting off a slice of Monroe county and adding it to Shelby. This reduced Monroe to the extent that it spoiled the argument for two counties. It also made Paris the more natural location for the county seat. This was a great victory for Paris but the people who were moved into Shelby long insisted that they belonged in Monroe.

Housing the members of the general assembly for the first session held in Jefferson City was a problem. The new capitol was ready before the taverns were. John R. Musick, in his "Stories of Missouri," says that one man hung out his sign to entertain when all that he had, apparently, was a board structure with office in front and dining room and kitchen in the rear. There was no floor. A legislator applied for board and lodging. "Certainly," said the affable tavern keeper. "That is what I am here for. Plenty of good rooms and beds. I will give you Number 15." After supper the legislator said he would go to bed. The landlord picked up a candle, led the way outdoors and around back of the wooden building where there were several tents. In front of one of the tents was a piece of board stuck in the ground and painted "Number 15." Inside of the tent was a cot.

Morgan B. White was sent by Callaway county to the Legislature in the thirties. He found lodgings in the house of a widow, who assigned him a bed with four high posts and heavy damask curtains. When it came time to go to bed, Uncle Morgan said he could not imagine how he was to get in. He had never seen that kind of a bed and he didn't want to ask questions. So he pulled a table and chair to the side of the bed, climbed over the top of the curtains. Instead of stopping when he reached the feathers, he went through and struck the floor.

William G. Rice, who kept tavern on the Boone's Lick road in Montgomery county, had a scale of prices. Perhaps it might be said that he kept the first Missouri tavern on the European plan. His guests were informed that the price for dinner consisting of corn bread and "common fixins" was twenty-five cents. For wheat bread and "chicken fixins" the

charge was thirty-seven and one-half cents, or three bits according to the vernacular of that day. If the traveler wanted both kinds of "fixins" he paid sixty-two and one-half cents, or five bits. Rice was noted for precision and accuracy in his business. He became assessor of the county when there was quite a debt. He cleared off the debt and left a surplus in the treasury. Tradition has it that when he made his canvass of the county he rode a steer.

The combination of tavern keeping and preaching was not uncommon. Rev. Andrew Monroe at one time kept a tavern near what is now Danville. This was the place where another preacher, a tenderfoot in Missouri, acquired the name of "Gourdhead" Prescott. He stopped at the tavern for dinner. There being no one else to take care of his horse, the minister went out to the barn. There he found a heap of gourds, common in Missouri in that day. The minister mistook the gourds for a new kind of pumpkin, and gave a mess to the horse. Thereafter he was known as "Gourdhead" Prescott.

Rev. Andrew Monroe was one of the first prohibitionists in Missouri. The governor of the state was a guest at the Monroe tavern and called for a stimulant. Waiving his own scruples out of consideration for his distinguished visitor, Preacher Monroe sent to the store for a bottle of whiskey. And thereby he created a precedent which conflicted with his strict enforcement of church rules. Sometime afterwards, Preacher Monroe met David Dryden carrying a jug. Dryden had settled in Montgomery county recently. He was a steward in the Methodist church. He had built a mill, a horse mill, an industry much needed. Altogether he was a man of affairs. But the parson was no respector of person when it came to church discipline. He eyed the suspicious looking package and asked: "Well, Brother Dryden, what is that you have in your jug?" To Dryden came in a flash the recollection of what he had heard of Tavernkeeper Monroe's experience with the governor, "It's some whiskey I have just purchased for the governor who is at my house." The preacher smiled and passed on.

When Lafayette was entertained in St. Louis he was astonished to see approaching him an old man in the full uniform worn by the French at the surrender of Yorktown. He was delighted when the old soldier saluted stiffly but correctly. He was moved deeply when Alexander Bellissime identified himself as a native of Toulon who had come over with Lafayette's forces to fight for American independence. After the War of the Revolution Bellissime had settled in St. Louis and was conducting a tavern which was the popular resort of the river men. He was known to everybody as "Old Alexie." His tavern was on Second street near Myrtle, in the French section. After Lafayette's departure, the veteran, who had been embraced publicly by his old commander, was in higher esteem than ever. He lived to be eighty-seven. On the red letter days of St. Louis "Old Alexie" did not fail to appear in that well preserved uniform and the three-cornered cockaded hat. When "Old Alexie" died, Captain Easton turned out the crack military company, the St. Louis Grays, and gave the veteran what would have been his heart's desire—a military funeral.

Audubon, the world-famed naturalist, in his travels about Missouri in the early forties, was impressed with the abundance of natural food supplies, and with the cheapness of things eatable. He wrote to James Hall:

"The markets here abound in all the good things of the land and of nature's creation. To give you an idea of this, read the following items: Grouse, two for a York shilling; three chickens for the same; turkeys, wild or tame, twenty-five cents; flour, two dollars a barrel; butter, six pence for the best; fresh and really good beef, three to four cents; veal, the same; pork, two cents; venison hams, large and dried, fifteen cents each; potatoes, ten cents a bushel; ducks, three for a shilling; wild geese, ten cents each; canvasback ducks, a shilling a pair; vegetables for the asking as it were."

In a land of such plenty, Audubon felt that the tavern rates were altogether too high. He complained:

"And only think, in the midst of this abundance and cheapness, we are paying nine dollars a week at our hotel, the Glasgow; and at the Planters' we were asked ten dollars.

We are at the Glasgow hotel, and will leave the day after tomorrow as it is too good for our purses."

Criticism of the management of those pioneer hotels was attended with some risk. John Graves kept the first tavern in Chillicothe. He started "the tavern house" as he called it, so early in the history of the community that many consider him the founder of the city. Graves did the best he knew how, and he thought that was good enough. One day a commercial traveler grumbled about the cooking. Graves caught the critic by the collar jerked him out of his chair at the table and kicked him out the front door.

"The blamed skunk," he said, "insulted my boarders and I won't stand for it. My boarders eat my fare and like it; and when a man makes fun of my grub, it is the same as saying they haven't sense enough to know good grub from bad. I am bound to protect my boarders."

In the earliest days of the American colonies, the house of public entertainment was often known as "the ordinary." But when that term went out of use, Americans did not take kindly to the English name of "inn." "Tavern," of good full volume of vowel sound, was adopted, and it was applied almost universally in Missouri, outside of the principal centers of population, as settlement spread. When a Missouri community reached the metropolitan class, "tavern" gradually gave place to "hotel" or "house." But tavern continued to be the popular term along the rivers and the stagecoach routes.

Upon a Missouri tavern was based one of the largest of the lottery enterprises which excited the American people about the time of the Civil war. The Patee house was the name. With two acres of ground adjoining it in the City of St. Joseph, this building, owned by John Patee, was disposed of by raffle in 1863. The property, which included all of the furniture and fixtures, was valued at $140,000. The tickets were two dollars. They bore the stipulation that $25,000 of the receipts from the sale of tickets would "be apportioned between those cities and towns in proportion to the number of tickets sold therein, the amount to be placed

in the hands of the authorities for any benevolent object they may deem proper."

Missouri hotel hospitality was almost the undoing of a President of the United States. President Andrew Johnson was escorted to St. Louis, September 8, 1866, by a fleet of thirty-six steamboats which met his party at Alton. With the President were General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Secretary of State Seward and General Hancock. Andrew Johnson was the first President of the United States to visit Missouri. At the Lindell hotel a welcoming address was made by Mayor Thomas, and hospitality was extended. President Johnson responded. The speeches were made from the portico over the main entrance on Washington avenue. A reception followed in the drawing room, with more hospitality and another speech by the President.

From the Lindell, the presidential party was taken to the Southern for more hospitality and more speechmaking. In the evening the banquet was given, with a menu that occupied half a column in the newspapers. President Johnson spoke again at considerable length. These St. Louis speeches were used by the House of Representatives in the prosecution of the impeachment charges. L. L. Walbridge, who reported the speeches, was summoned to Washington to testify in the trial to the accuracy of the report. The speech which gave the most offense to the Republican party in Congress was the one delivered from the Walnut street front of the Southern shortly before the banquet. Stimulated by the hospitality of the day and by encouraging interruptions of the audience, the President used very bitter language referring to his controversy with Congress. It was at St. Louis that the President described his tour as "swinging round the circle."

At Fayette was a tavern famous through two generations of Missourians. It was three stories high, a regular skyscraper for its day. Behind the hotel was an immense barn. In front of the tavern was a large block provided especially for ladies arriving on horseback. The mounting block was a part of the equipment of most Missouri taverns. It had

its place as indispensable, along with the swinging sign and the bell on the post. The rates at this Fayette tavern were fifty cents a day for man, and the same for beast. Negro hostlers were on duty day and night to take the horses to the barn. It was customary for the departing traveler to tip the hostler who brought around his horse. The tip was not a nickel, but a half dime. The bell on the post was rung when meals were ready.

In the Missouri tavern advertisements of one hundred years ago hostler was spelled without the "h." Dowling's tavern, kept by one of the pioneers, at the north end of Main street in St. Louis, announced:

"Every exertion will be made to furnish his table, so as to render comfortable those that stop at his house.

"His Bar is well supplied with the best of Liquors and an attentive keeper. His Stable is well supplied with provender and attended by a careful ostler. In short he will spare no expense to please."

Bar, Liquors and Stable were printed in large type. Tavern announcements constituted no small feature of the advertising columns of a century ago. William Montgomery advertised the opening of his tavern "at the sign of the spread eagle" in Jackson.

"He has furnished himself with all kinds of liquors of the best quality. He has provided good ostlers, and his stables well furnished with hay, corn and oats. From his long acquaintance with business in his line, and his wish to please, he is induced to believe that no person wiill leave his house unsatisfied."

The card of J. J. Dozier, of St. Charles, was a model of good taste. He told through the *Missouri Gazette* in 1818, that he had "commenced keeping a house of entertainment for travelers and all genteel and orderly company. He flatters himself from the accommodations his house will offer, with his strict attention and desire to please, to render all his guests general satisfaction. His charges will be as low as the country will afford; he tenders his thanks to his former customers in this line of business, and hopes a continuance of their favors with a share of public patronage."

Hampton Ball, one of the best known of Missouri stage drivers, recalled that James Huntington, a wealthy contractor, put $6,000 in an open drawer of the public room of a Missouri tavern and left it there until morning.

"I told him," said Ball, "that it would be dangerous; that there might be some stranger, not a Missourian, of course, who would steal the money."

"You don't think any of the guests of this hotel, would be mean enough to steal do you?" Huntington said, incredulously.

Stagestand keepers, the tavern men were called where the stages made their regular stops. Hampton Ball said that "Kenner, of Paudingville, was one of the most famous. He could play a fiddle that would almost make the trees dance. He was jovial and generous and one of the most profane men I ever knew. He did not mean to be profane but he swore almost as readily as some people whistle. Although he ran a public house there was never any meal served at his table on which he did not ask the blessing. The great pioneer Methodist, Rev. Andrew Monroe, stopped at Kenner's house. The stagecoach driver suggested that Kenner ask Parson Monroe to say the blessing.

"No," said Kenner, "I ask my own blessings at my own table." And he did. On another occasion, in a single breath, Kenner concluded the blessing thus, "And for all these blessings we thank Thee, O Lord, amen; kick that blamed dog out from under the table."

Tavern keeping was honorable and tavernkeepers were honest in Missouri, as a rule. The exceptions were so notable as to be long remembered. On the old Boone's Lick road where it ran through the northern part of Callaway, a man named Watson kept tavern. He made a great deal of money for a few years. Travelers could not understand why their horses seemed to fail in appetite when they put up at that tavern. After a long time it was discovered that the tavernkeeper rubbed grease in between the rows of kernels on the corn cobs to such an extent that the horses left much of the corn untouched.

A fine representative of the type of Missouri landlords was "Weed" Marshall who furnished "entertainment" at Mayview for twenty-nine years. "Weed" was the familiar name by which the traveling public knew him. The proper initials were "J. W." Marshall was courteous to a punctilious degree, but it did not do to presume upon his good nature. A young traveling man left a call for three o'clock in the morning and in a rather unpleasant manner impressed the importance of it. Marshall had no night clerk and sat up to make sure that the guest did not miss the train. At three o'clock to the minute he pounded on the door. A grunt was the response.

"Get up;" shouted Marshall. "It's three o'clock."

"I've changed my mind," growled the traveling man. "I'm going to stay and take a later train."

"No, you're not," said Marshall. "Confound you. You get up and get out this minute. You can't fool me." And the young man left on his early train.

Marshall had been in the Confederate army. He was "with Shelby" and proud of it. When he retired from the Mayview tavern, the *Kansas City Star* told this: Traveling men found it entertaining to start a controversy as to the war record of Shelby's brigade just to arouse the ire of "Weed." One night a burly drummer, new in that territory, and under the prompting of other traveling men, started something. He began with a reference to the Civil War and his own alleged part in it. He said his command had met a body of Missouri Confederates under Shelby.

"We not only made them run," he said, "but we captured a lot of them. I captured one myself. And I made that fellow do all sorts of stunts. He was so scared he would do anything I told him. I made him roll on his back like a dog and bark when he wanted food; and lick the mud off my boots. Funny thing about it, Mr. Marshall, you somehow remind me of that man. You weren't ever with Shelby, were you?"

"Yes sir. I was with Shelby. I was that very man you captured. I have been looking for you ever since. I made a vow then that if I ever met you, I'd kill you."

With that, Marshall opened a drawer of his desk and pulled out a revolver. The big traveling man apologized hastily, said his war reminiscence was all a joke and that the other traveling men had put up the job on him. The honors of the hour were with Marshall.

Far and wide in that part of Missouri the Mayview house of entertainment under Marshall was famed for immaculately clean beds and good living.

When Zadock Woods built the first tavern in Lincoln county, one of the first houses in Troy, he enclosed not only the building but the spring with a high stockade, to afford protection for his guests, and the settlers, as well, from the Indians.

The Missouri tavern was often the outpost of civilization. When Zadock Martin, in 1828, built the tavern on the bluff at the Falls of the Platte, his nearest neighbor was fifteen miles away. Landlord Martin used hewed logs for the main part of his tavern. He attached shed rooms so that he could accommodate quite a number of guests. The Martin tavern was on the main road to Fort Leavenworth. Martin was not lonesome. He had half a dozen sons and three handsome daughters. A retinue of slaves, well drilled, enabled him to enforce his rights. He was a man of commanding presence, had flashing eyes, wore a broadbrimmed hat, carried a stout hickory cane and talked loudly. His word was law at the Falls, whether with officers or soldiers passing to or from the Fort, and also with the fishing parties which came to the Falls to carry away wagonloads of catfish and buffalo fish weighing from ten to seventy pounds. Martin raised large crops, had droves of hogs which ran wild and fattened on acorns and nuts. His herd of cattle wintered on the cane along the streams. Zadock Martin was the baron of the Falls. One of his boys attempted to play a joke on an Indian and got the worst of it. The Indian wanted sugar. Young Martin agreed to give him three pounds if the brave

would promise to eat all of it. The sugar was weighed and the eating began. The Indian ate until he had swallowed about a pound. Then he wrapped up the rest in a fold of his blanket. "Hold on!" said Young Martin, "you promised to eat all of it. Stand to your bargain." "All right," said the Indian. "Me eat him all—maybe some to day—maybe some to morrow—maybe some one odder day, Injun no lie—me eat him all—good by."

The Missouri tavernkeeper had his way of classifying his guests in pioneer days. The shibboleth was not of dress or speech so much as it was of taste. The tavernkeeper said to himself this man is a southerner and that man is a northerner after the first meal. If the guest said he would take a glass of sweet milk, that showed he was from north of the Ohio river—from a New England or a Middle state. If the traveler called for sour milk, he was at once set down as from a southern state. In St. Louis sweet milk sold at twenty-five cents a gallon; sour milk, at eighteen and one-half cents a gallon.

General Owens kept tavern in Fayette. He was a man of keen observation and wit. In his time Randolph county was the border line of Missouri settlement. The general said he could always tell his guests from Randolph by the color of their clothes. Randolph people wore jeans which were dyed with walnut bark.

Colonel W. B. Royal, a Virginian and a highly educated man, kept one of the early taverns in Columbia. He added "Semper Paratus" to the customary wording of the swinging sign. Buck Lampton, of historic memory for his readiness of speech, told people that "Semper Paratus" stood for "Sweet Milk and Potatoes."

It was customary to give the tavern the name of the owner or keeper, but occasionally originality was shown, as was the case of the first tavern built in Franklin, now Pacific. That tavern went by the name of "Buzzards' Roost."

At the old tavern in Potosi, kept by Roberts, the charge was twenty-five cents a meal; or "dinner and whiskey, thirty-seven and one-half cents." An account book kept in 1824

shows that most of the charges included the whiskey. Sometimes the whiskey was sold by the pint and then it was twenty-five cents.

Some of these Missouri taverns outlived the stage-coach. The old Ensign tavern, at Medill, in Clark county, was razed within the past half decade. It was once a popular stopping place on the road from Alexandria to Bloomington, by which the traveler journeyed from the Mississippi landing into the interior of Northeast Missouri. At Bloomington, Squire Abasalom Lewis kept tavern in what was the first house in that part of the state, with the chimneys inside of the walls. Squire Lewis came honestly by his judicial title. For years he entertained the judge and the lawyers and the clients during court sessions. A rule of the tavern, during this periodical congestion of patronage was that only the judge could have a bed with himself. From years of close association with his guests, Lewis came to have such familiarity with law and practice that he was prompted to run for justice of the peace. When a tavernkeeper went out for office he was generally successful, such was the esteem in which the vocation was held by Missouri constituencies. Squire Lewis was elected and proceeded to administer justice according to his previous observations. In one of his earlier cases he was called upon to to pass upon many objections raised by opposing counsel. With strict impartiality, the squire ruled in favor of the lawyers alternately. But at the end of the trial, two consecutive rulings were made in favor of the plaintiff.

"Look here!" said the lawyer for the defense, "Squire, you decided for the other side last time, and this was our time to get the decision."

"I know how I done," said the squire, with dignity. "In order to be fair to you fellows, I give half the pints to the plaintiff and half to the defendant, and never put one single pint for myself till the close of the case. And then you kick! Seems to me you don't appreciate fair treatment."

Squire Lewis believed in upholding the dignity of his court. On one occasion he left the bench and whipped a lawyer for contempt.

What happened at the old Glenn house in Paris furnished the ground for a church trial which agitated a large section of Missouri when the church was divided on the question of dancing. David Peavy, known from the Mississippi to the Missouri, was the first landlord, the tavern then consisting of a combination log and frame structure. His sign announced the usual "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

There was the bell on the post in front of the tavern. When a traveler rode up on a horse, Uncle Davy went out to greet him, and rang the bell as if to call a stable boy. After the guest had gone inside, the landlord took the horse to the stable and attended to it. The ringing of the bell for a mythical stable boy was a harmless bluff.

After Peavy, the tavern was kept by Anderson Woods, a Baptist preacher, and his wife Betsy. The dining room back of the hotel had been for years used for dancing parties. Preacher Woods suspended these parties. Aunt Betsy did not have the same scruples as her husband. When Mr. Woods went away to fill a preaching appointment, Aunt Betsy readily yielded to the pleas of the young people and gave permission for a dance. The preacher found a creek too high to cross. He came back when the fun was fast and furious, stood for a few moments looking in at the door and said: "I can see no harm in that." But the church authorities disagreed with him, preferred charges and brought him to trial. For some years after that there was no more dancing in the tavern dining room. During more than sixty years the Glenn house was the social center of Monroe county.

W. M. Paxton attended court in November, 1839, at what is now St. Joseph but which was then Robidoux, named for the first settler. He stopped with Robidoux who kept tavern. He left this recollection of his entertainment:

"His house was pearched on the hillside. It was of logs on a stone basement. I was shown to my bed on a plank frame in the base-

ment, and was given two blankets. I spread one blanket on the boards and covered with the other.

"It was a cold blustery night and I nearly froze. In the morning, before day, I heard Robidoux stirring in the room overhead, and I went up the rude ladder. I told him I had suffered with the cold. 'What,' said he, 'cold with two blankets?' I explained how I had used the blankets. He replied with contempt, 'You haven't even got Indian sense, or you would have wrapped up in them.'

"The old man built a roaring fire, and two prairie chickens and half a dozen ears of old corn on the cob were boiling in the pot. I made a hearty breakfast on these viands. Before court met, I took a survey of the future site of St. Joseph. I saw but two houses; that where I had spent the night and the store above the mouth of the creek. The Blacksnake hills were romantic. They seemed to be composed of red crumbling earth, with here and there tufts of grass. From the sides of the hills, at intervals, broke out oozing springs of pure water which gathered into a bold stream that coursed the prairie bottom to the river. In the rear of the house, on the hillside, stood four or five scaffolds, supported by poles. On these scaffolds lay the bodies of Robidoux's children. His wives were Indians, and he buried his dead in Indian fashion.

"Court was held in one room and the elevated porch. The docket was short. The most interesting cases were several indictments against Robidoux for gambling. All the bar, except W. T. Wood, the circuit attorney, entered our names on the margin of the docket as for Robidoux. We got the old man clear on some quibble and he was happy. We charged him nothing, but he made all of us pay our tavern bills."

In the collection of the State Historical Society of Missouri, at Columbia, is preserved the register of the City hotel at Boonville, for 1843 and 1844. Guests not only wrote their names and homes and destinations but enough information about themselves to make the book interesting reading. There was room for "remarks" and one man who must have arrived in a storm wrote after his Kentucky address, "Blanked poor weather for fools who have left the sunny South." The landlord, Edward B. McPherson, was an ardent politician and a frequent contributor to the comments on his register. On Sunday he would enter, "Let us all go to church." After one name the landlord wrote, "Left without paying his

bill." McPherson was for Clay, aggressively so. He made many comments on the progress of the campaign and encouraged his guests to write after their names "Clay and Frelinghuysen" or "Polk and Dallas," as they preferred. In a number of cases the guests told why they were for their favorite ticket, or offered wagers on the result. When the returns finally showed the defeat of Clay, his political idol, Landlord McPherson wrote on the register:

"Snowstorn, Polk and Dallas, Oregon and Texas, Free Trade, War with Mexico and Great Britain, Hard Money, Relapse into Barbarism, but a Division of Property first."

The signature of Thomas H. Benton appears a number of times on this register, which might seem rather remarkable in view of his antagonism to the outspoken politics of the Whig Landlord, but Secretary Shoemaker of the State Historical Society has ressurected the fact that when "the Magisterial," as Benton was sometimes called, was questioned about the propriety of stopping with a Whig landlord, he replied: "Sir, do you think Benton takes his politics into his belly?" When it was suggested that guests double up in time of congestion at a tavern, Benton's reply was, "Benton sleeps in the same bed with no other man."

There were taverns in communities so strongly Whig that Benton would not put up at them. It is a tradition well preserved in Columbia that Benton rode through the university town and went out three miles to a small tavern in the country to pass the night, rather than accept better accommodations where the opposition was so strong.

Realization of his waning hold came as a shock to Benton at a tavern during his losing campaign of 1849. Judge Fagg told the story in his graphic way.

"Still clinging to the policy of driving everything by force, and unconscious of the fact that hundreds and thousands of his old friends and supporters were gradually falling away from him—that the slavery agitators were constantly alarming the slaveholders more and more as to the security of their property—he still believed that he had the power to maintain himself in the state. He started out again 'solitary and alone' in his private

carriage, and, crossing the Missouri river at St. Charles, he took what he had been in the habit of calling in the early days, 'the Salt river trail.' He passed up through St. Charles and Lincoln counties, scarcely meeting a solitary man that he could call his friend. Late in the evening he found himself at the village of Auburn. He recognized the place and remembered that more than twenty years previously he had been in the habit of stopping with his old friend, Daniel Draper. There was the same old, hewed log house. The same old signpost from which was suspended an old sign with the letters so faded that he read with difficulty, 'Entertainment by D. Draper.' It was like an oasis in the desert. He had journeyed through an anti-Benton wilderness, but he would now be cheered and refreshed by the hearty greeting and cordial entertainment of his old friend. Stepping out of his carriage and approaching the house he was met by the old landlord, tottering with age and looking at his visitor in a sort of listless, indifferent way. He said, referring to himself as usual in the third person: 'You will have Colonel Benton with you to-night.' Still looking at his visitor, the old man replied in a voice that betrayed no emotion or surprise, 'Yes, I reckon so; all sorts of people stop here.' "

James O. Broadhead used the same incident to illustrate alike the independent spirit of the Missouri tavernkeeper of early days and the want of respect the Whigs had for Benton near the close of his career. He said that on the state road which ran through Auburn, in Lincoln county, old Daniel Draper kept tavern. Draper was a stalwart Whig and made no concealment of his political sentiments. Benton stopped in front of Draper's one day toward night and said, "Senator Benton wishes to stay all night with you." Draper was chopping wood. Without looking up he said, "Get down and hitch your horse. We are not particular about whom we entertain."

Foreigners commented upon the independent character of the American tavernkeeper. When Lafayette made his triumphal tour of this country in 1824, his party stopped at fifty taverns. One who was of the party wrote:

"We were received by the landlord with perfect civility but without the slightest shade of obsequiousness. The deportment of the innkeeper was manly, courteous, and even kind, but there was that in his air which sufficiently proved that both parties were expected to manifest the same qualities."

Lieutenant Francis Hall, an Englishman, traveling in this country in 1817, said:

"The innkeepers of America are, in most villages, what we call vulgarly, topping men—field officers of military or militia, with good farms attached to their taverns, so that they are apt to think what, perhaps, in a new settled country is not far wide of the truth, that travelers rather receive than confer a favor by being accommodated at their homes. The daughters officiate at tea and breakfast, and generally wait at dinner."

James Stewart, a Scotchman, who wrote "Three Years in North America," devoting his attention to "a faithful and candid representation of the facts which the author observed and noted in the places where they presented themselves"—those were his words—said:

"We arrived in St. Louis on Sunday, the 25th of April, (1830) on so cold a morning that the first request I made on reaching the City hotel, in the upper part of the town, was for a fire which was immediately granted. The hotel turned out a very comfortable one. It contains a great deal of accommodation. The only inconvenience I felt arose from the people not being accustomed, as seems generally the case in the western country, to place water basins and a towel in every bedroom. The system of washing at some place near the well is general, but the waiters or chambermaids never refuse to bring everything to the bedroom that is desired. It is, however, so little the practice to bring a washing apparatus to the bedrooms that they are apt to forget a general direction regularly to do so. We had a great quantity of fine poultry at this house; and the table, upon the whole, was extremely well managed."

Mellish, an English traveler, gave high praise to American taverns. He told of one place he visisted where there were sixty houses, of which seven were taverns. He described the breakfast table on which there were: "tablecloth, tea tray, teapot, milkpot, bowls, cups, sugar tongs, tea spoons, castors, plates, knives, forks, tea, sugar, cream, bread, butter, steak, eggs, cheese, potatoes, beets, salt, vinegar, pepper—all for twenty-five cents."

In his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," Charles Dickens with his severe criticisms, rasped the pride of Americans and set this country by the ears after his visit

in 1842. But Mr. Dickens was well pleased with his experience at a famous Missouri hotel:

"On the fourth day after leaving Louisville, we reached St. Louis. We went to a large hotel called the Planters' house, built like an English hospital, with long passages and bare walls, and skylights above the doors for free circulation of air. There were a great many boarders in it, and as many lights sparkled and glistened from the windows down into the street below when we drove up, as if it had been illuminated on some occasion for rejoicing. It is an excellent house and the proprietors have most bountiful notions of providing creature comforts. Dining alone with my wife in her own own room one day, I counted fourteen dishes upon the table at once."

Almost contemporaneous with Missouri statehood was J. S. Halstead, of Breckenridge, who celebrated his one hundredth birthday in 1918; he had been eighty years a resident of Missouri. In his younger days he was on close relations with Henry Clay. He carried a cane presented to him by Clay who had received it as a gift from Senator Jenifer of Maryland. The cane had a history. The Maryland senator brought it from an olive tree near the burial place of Cicero. He gave it to Mr. Clay on the occasion of the latter's speech expounding the Missouri Compromise. One day a dog attacked Clay on the street in Washington. Defending himself with his cane, Clay hit a fence and broke the cane. He tried to have it repaired but was dissatisfied with the result and passed the historic stick along to his young friend, Halstead. At the observance of his centennial, Mr. Halstead told a correspondent of the *Kansas City Star* this tavern story as he had it from Mr. Clay:

An English nobleman traveling in the United States called upon Mr. Clay. He stopped at a tavern, having with him his valet. The tavernkeeper noticed that the valet seemed to keep at a distance but did not take into consideration any difference in station. When it came time to go to bed, the tavernkeeper showed milord and the valet to the same room. The nobleman protested. He said: "But I am not accustomed to being in the same room with my valet."

"I can't help that," said the tavernkeeper. "It's there for you. You will have to make the best of it."

When the Englishman got away from Lexington he wrote Mr. Clay a letter telling of his Kentucky tavern experience and commented good naturedly on the democratic ideas of American tavernkeepers.

He was a Missouri tavernkeeper who got the better of George G. Vest in a match of wits. The occasion was in old Georgetown, once the county seat of Pettis, where Vest, a young bachelor, lived at the tavern while he devoted his time to hunting and fishing and practising law. Judge Henry Lamm tells the story.

"In 1854, Vest went back to Kentucky and married, bringing his wife to Georgetown. It is said that Vest had nettled his landlord a little by intimating it was unsafe to eat his pies without first pounding on the crust with a knife handle to scare out the cockroaches. Be that as it may, the said landlord, Captain Kidd, felt no occasion to be otherwise than frank, and, when Vest brought his bride to the house and took him to her for an introduction and proudly asked what he thought of her, Kidd replied: 'By Gum! George! You must have cotched her in a pinch for a husband.' "

Hinkson creek, originally called something else, derived its name, according to E. W. Stephens, the historian of Boone county, from what befell Robert Hinkson, a tavernkeeper and one of the first settlers in that county. Hinkson had quite a herd of cattle. He started from home one morning in early winter to drive his cattle to the river bottom, intending to leave them there, as was the winter custom, to rough through till spring. When night came he stopped and camped on the bank of the stream. The next morning he drove out into the forest and kept the course as well as he could guess all day. At night he found himself on the identical spot where he had camped the previous night. The other settlers fastened the joke on Hinkson and made it a living tradition by giving the creek his name.

There are towns of considerable population, and even cities, in Missouri, the beginnings of which were taverns. The first house built in what afterwards became Columbia was General Gentry's. It was of three rooms, two of which

accommodated the young family. The third room was set apart for the traveling public. The next year General Gentry added a fourth room. His neighbors thought he was becoming extravagant. When General Gentry led his thousand mounted Missourians out of Columbia for the long journey to subdue the Seminoles, the march began from in front of the Gentry tavern where the farewell ceremony took place. The command was drawn up and the flag made by the young ladies of Miss Wales' academy was presented with its stirring inscription:

"Gird, gird for the conflict,
Our banner wave high;
For our country we live,
For our country we die."

Tavern keepers, with foresight as to coming settlement and as to prospective main traveled roads, located their houses of entertainment. When the Daughters of the American Revolution entered upon their patriotic work of placing monuments to mark the Boone's Lick road from St. Louis, they found that many of the points of most historic interest were the sites of the pioneer taverns. In St. Charles county, Kenner's tavern shared with Daniel Boone's judgment tree the honor of a marker. In Warren county Rodger Taylor's tavern was one of the spots chosen. Saunder's tavern was another. In Montgomery county monuments were placed where stood Cross Keys tavern, Devault tavern and Van Bibber's tavern. Callaway county's section of the Boone's Lick road was marked at Drover's inn, and Grant stagestand. Among the Boone county sites selected were Vivion's stagestand and Van Horn's tavern. In Howard county Arnold's inn was commemorated.

On the Grand Pass, in the thirties, when the stream of migration and commerce flowed strong along the Santa Fe trail, John and William Early, cousins of Bishop Early, of Kentucky, kept tavern. Grand Pass was a strip of high land between Salt Fork and the Missouri bottoms. Two bodies of water in the bottoms were known as Davis and Grand Pass lakes.

"The Washington Lewis Place," in Saline county, served as a tavern fifteen or twenty years. The tradition that a considerable quantity of whiskey was buried there is still current. Washington Lewis was one of three brothers who came out from Virginia about 1830, with a retinue of slaves and an abundance of household goods. The tavern was built of brick. A crack in one of the walls was said to have been caused by an earthquake in 1846. One of the first post offices in Central Missouri was in this tavern. In an upper room the pioneer Dr. Yancey had his office.

Social standing of the tavernkeeper in Missouri was of the best. So it was in many other places. It is an historic fact that the first tavern in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was kept by a deacon of the church, who afterwards became the steward of Harvard college. Religious services were held in Missouri taverns before churches were built and when bad weather interfered with the campmeeting custom. Not infrequently the Missouri tavern was conducted by a woman, usually a widow, and it was well kept. When John Smith T added another notch to his record of straight shootings, he surrendered his deadly weapon to a woman who kept a tavern. The affair had taken place in the living room of the tavern. Coming into the room at the sound of the firing, this intrepid Missouri woman did not faint because of the prostrate figure on the floor, or of the pool of blood, or at the acrid smell of the powder smoke. She went up to John Smith T and coolly demanded the pistol. "Take it, my daughter," said Smith.

An historic hotel in Kansas City was known variously as the Western, the American and the Gillis. It was built by Benoit Troost in 1849, and was on the river front, between Delaware and Wyandotte streets. In two years, 1856 and 1857, there were 27,000 arrivals at the hotel, which was enlarged by additions until it was an architectural curiosity. In May, 1856, this hotel was the hiding place of Governor A. H. Reeder, of Kansas, when he was a fugitive, trying to escape from the Missourians. Friends disguised the governor as a laborer and gave him an ax to carry. In this

way they got him out of the hotel and out of town. H. W. Chiles kept the hotel at that time. He was a strong pro-slavery man, and became the landlord of the Gillis house to save it from destruction. The property had been owned by the New England Emigrant Aid Society of Boston, and was intended to be operated to encourage migration of anti-slavery settlers to Kansas in order to make that a free state. It became known among Missourians as "The Free State hotel." As the border troubles increased, the Emigrant Aid Society, fearing that the property would be destroyed, put it in the hands of Chiles under a lease.

Pro-slavery travelers made another historic hotel their stopping place in Kansas City. That was the Farmers' hotel, built in 1856 and run by E. N. McGee, a leader in the pro-slavery party. "The Wayside Inn" was the first name of this tavern. The location was on Sixteenth street, between the river landing and Westport. Overland stages started from the Gillis house. The purchase of the Gillis for the Boston people was made by S. C. Pomeroy, afterwards a United States senator from Kansas. Pomeroy came out with the first party of anti-slavery immigrants from New England. The colonizing of Kansas was planned on such a scale that it seemed to the leaders in the movement necessary to have headquarters in Kansas City. This investment by the New Englanders, in 1854, had much to do with inflaming the Missourians, arousing them to the magnitude of the Boston intentions.

About the time that the New Englanders began coming in numbers to Kansas City, Thomas H. Benton and his son-in-law, John C. Fremont, arrived by boat and stopped at the hotel. They were on one of the strangest business enterprises of that period. Among those who met the visitors and discussed the project with them was Dr. Johnston Lykins. The wife of Dr. Lykins, afterwards the wife of George C. Bingham, the Missouri artist, told this:

"Benton and Fremont had arrived in order to complete arrangements for an experiment with camels as beasts of burden in crossing the plains during the hot season. Colonel Benton

entered heartily into the plan and gave his assistance in every way possible. He thought that camels would stand the travel over the sandy plains better than oxen or horses. Owing to the shortness of the season in this northern latitude the project failed, although camels were imported for the purpose. Late in the evening Dr. Lykins returned to the house to inform me that he had invited the gentlemen to dine with us the following day. Colonel Benton and Mr. Fremont came, also Lieutenant Head, and the day was long to be remembered. The conversation was mainly upon the great possibilities of the West. At the conclusion of the dinner, we stepped out upon the porch, which commanded a delightful view of the river and surrounding country. Colonel Benton appeared in the height of good spirits and turning to me said: 'Mrs. Lykins, you will take a trip to California on one of the camels, won't you?'

" 'Hardly,' I replied, laughing, 'I would prefer a more comfortable mode of travel.'

"The great statesman's face grew solemn. As if in a spirit of prophecy, he said: 'You are a very young woman, and you will live to see the day a railroad will cross the plains and mountains to the Pacific coast.'

" 'Colonel Benton,' I replied, 'with all due reverence to you as a prophet, your prediction is as visionary as a trip to the moon.'

" 'I will not live to see the prophecy verified, but the next generation will,' he responded firmly. That was the last visit of Colonel Benton to Kansas City. The party left by steamboat for St. Louis on the evening of the same day."

The Gillis house, in the days when it was known as the American, was four and one-half stories in height, and had a cupola, or tower, in which was a bell. The ringing of the bell gave notice that the meals were ready. Guests sat at a table sixty feet long, accommodating sixty people. Three times that number were fed frequently, in relays. In one long room there were twenty beds. To take care of the overflows, the parlor floor was covered at night with shakedowns.

Through two generations much Missouri history was made in the McCarty house of Jefferson City. John N. Edwards said of it:

"What crowds it has seen and combinations, caucuses and conventions! Secesh, union, claybank, federal, confederate, radical, democrat, liberal, republican, prohibition, tadpole, granger,

greenback and female suffrage, have all had their delegates there who wrought, planned, perfected and went away declaring a new dispensation in the shape of a hotel, and that Burr McCarty was its annointed prophet. If that old house could think and write what a wonderful book it could publish of two generations of Missourians, the first generation having to do with the pioneers! The state knows it. And to the politicians of the state it has been a hill, a ravine, or a skirt of timber from behind which to perfect their ambushments. Its atmosphere is the atmosphere of a home circle. It has no barroom, and therein lies the benediction which follows the prayer."

Burr Harrison McCarty, or "McCarty of the McCartys" as Judge Henry Lamm liked to call him, came to Missouri when the state was only fifteen years old. Interested in stage lines with Thomas L. Price, Mr. McCarty built a fine home in Jefferson City in 1836. Of Virginia birth and a born host, he made his home such a favorite and popular place with Benton and Linn and the pioneer statesmen and lawyers, that he drifted into the hotel keeping, making additions from time to time to the old residence. He became the model Missouri host, with a friendly greeting to all comers. He set the pace for the landlords of a whole state with what one of his guests many years later called honest coffee, honest butter, honest eggs, corn bread baked in the skillet, poultry and game. From the McCarty house came the ways of making chicken dinners for which Missouri landlords gained fame far beyond the borders of the state. For more than half a century Burr Harrison McCarty made the McCarty house a Missouri institution. After his death, a daughter, whom a later generation of Missourians knew affectionately as "Miss Ella," maintained the traditions. When the doors closed there were Missourians in every part of the state who recalled the open wood fires, the scrupulous cleanliness, the old-fashioned cooking, and asked themselves, as did Major Edwards, "why can't a landlord like him renew his youth and make that old house of his endure forever?"

Barnum's hotel stew was a Missouri distinction in the forties and fifties. Every noted visitor—the Prince of Wales,

who was to become King Edward, included—was made acquainted with this famous ragout. Thereupon Barnum was, in popular estimation, one of the most important citizens of St. Louis, ranking with the mayor on many occasions when guests were to be paid unusual honors. He was a Vermonter, coming to Missouri in 1840 with the reputation of being the newphew of the Barnum who had kept the best hotel in Baltimore about 1825. The wife of Theron Barnum was a Connecticut woman, Mary L. Chadwick, who helped her husband make their first hotel on Third and Vine streets so famous that St. Louis capitalists raised $200,000 and built one of the most popular hotels west of the Allegheny mountains. George R. Taylor, George Collier, Joshua B. Brant and J. T. Swearingen were the men of means who headed the movement to build the hotel. Theron Barnum guarded jealously the recipe for that stew which made all visitors wonder.

When "Dad" rang the dinner bell in the good old fashioned way, on the porch of a West Plains hotel one September noon, the guests who gathered about the long table, running the length of the dining room, counted fruit in eleven different forms before them. In the center was a pyramid of apples, peaches, pears and grapes. The fried chicken was in a setting of boiled apples. With the pork was a dish of fried apples. The dessert was the choice of apple dumpling or peach cobbler, or both. By way of relishes there were pickled peaches, plum butter and applejelly—eleven forms of fruit, and it was no extra occasion.

In a reminiscent letter to the Saline county Index, published in 1900, Dr. Glenn C. Hardeman testified to the good fare and moderate charges of a famous Missouri tavern:

"On my first visit to Saline, in 1840, I landed at Arrow Rock from a steamboat in the night, and, as I intended going to the country in the morning, I took lodging only at the hotel kept by that well known and popular citizen, Joseph Huston, Sr., for which I was charged the sum of twelve and one-half cents, or I should say a 'bit.' On my return in a few days, I dined at the same hotel and was charged another 'bit' for an excellent dinner. The currency of that day was exclusively Mexican or Spanish coin."

One Missouri tavern has not only survived Missouri's first century of statehood, but, with the marking of historic trails and the promise of good roads to encourage leisurely motor travel, has entered on a new era of popularity. The fame of the tavern at Arrow Rock is growing rapidly with the tourist. Built of brick burned by slaves long before the Civil war, with wide fire places, with solid walnut wood finish, with antlers of Missouri elk, Arrow Rock tavern charms the visitor to-day. Patriotic women have added relics and draperies. What has been done at Arrow Rock with such popular approval, suggests the possibilities of the renaissance of the Missouri tavern to accommodate the travel by motor certain to develop with paved highways.

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